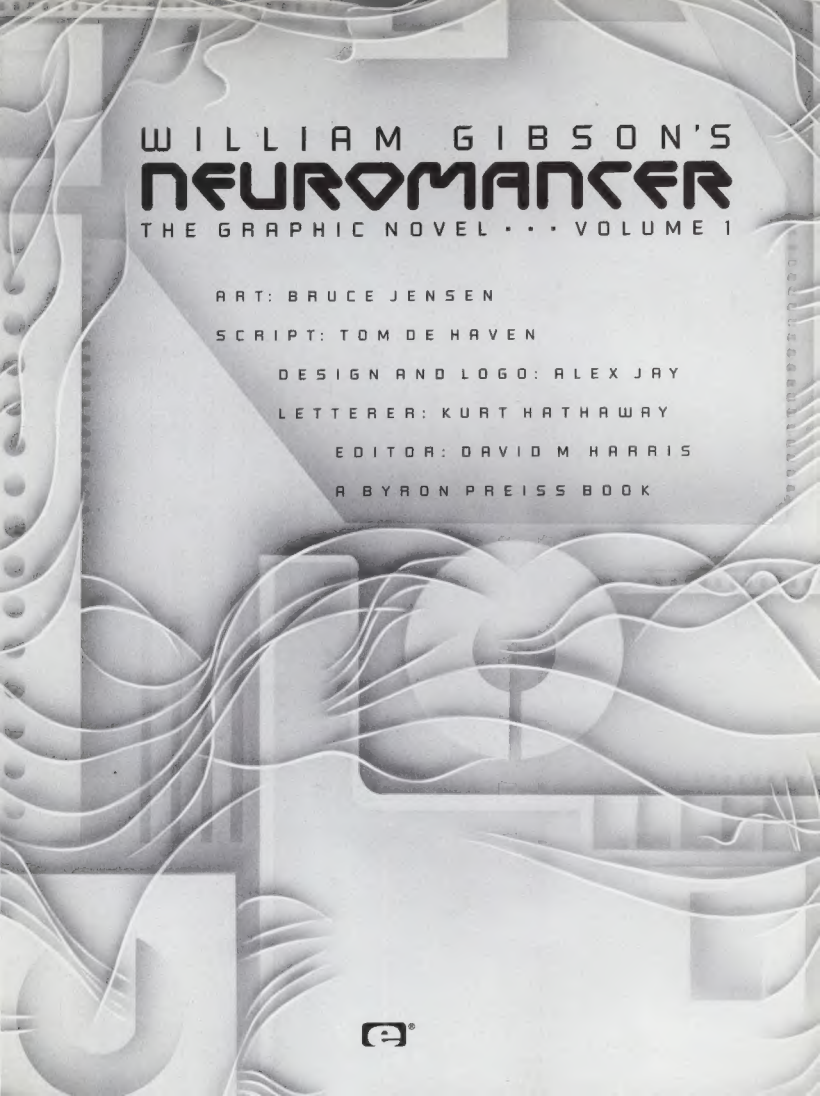


EPIC® GRAPHIC NOVEL • \$8.95 U.S. • \$11.25 CAN.

WILLIAM GIBSON'S **NEUROMANCER**

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL . . . VOLUME I
BY TOM DE HAVEN & BRUCE JENSEN





WILLIAM GIBSON'S **NEUROMANCER**

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL • • • VOLUME 1

ART: BRUCE JENSEN

SCRIPT: TOM DE HAVEN

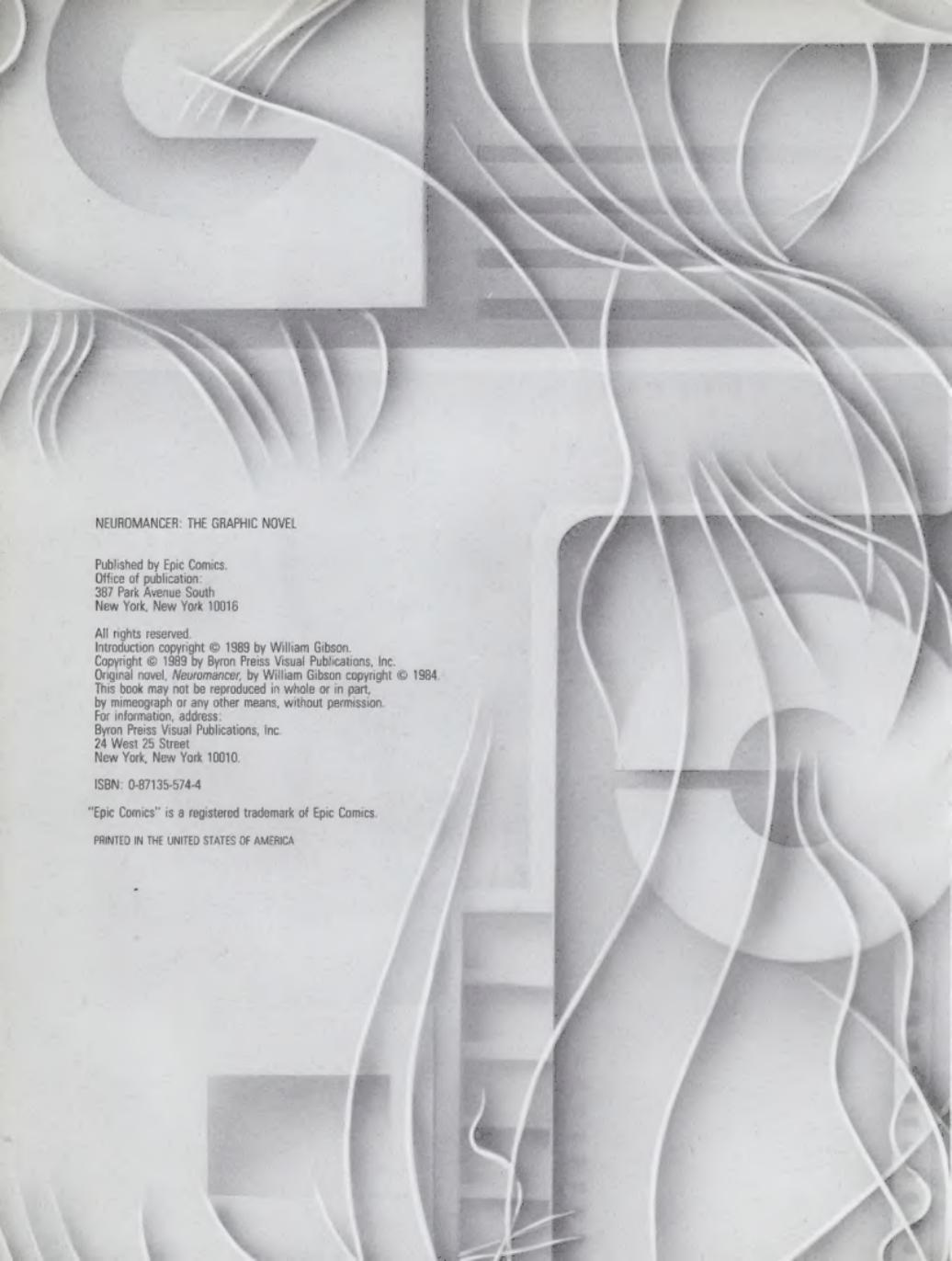
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A BYRON PREISS BOOK





NEUROMANCER: THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

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INTRODUCTION

Translation is a peculiar business, particularly for monoglot novelists who find themselves in print in languages they know they'll never learn to read. *Neuromancer*, also known as *Neuromancien* (French), *Neuromante* (Italian), etc., is a case in point.

The Japanese edition of *Neuromancer*, for instance, is a startlingly compact volume with its front cover at the wrong end. I sometimes take it down from the shelf above my desk, look at it, and wonder what exactly is going on in there. I'll never know.

The edition in front of you is something else: it's been translated into a language I can read, one I've known for a long time.

Walt Kelly taught me to read. I was having trouble, in school, with reading; my mother, for some reason, decided that the thing to do was to read to me from *I Go Pogo*. It worked. Soon I was reading myself to sleep with Albert and Pogo, unaware that I was simultaneously absorbing mega-doses of Mr. Kelly's gently savage political satire.

It probably had something to do with the pictures.

Later on, I read real American comic books. (Pogo was collected, in those days, in what would now be called "trade paper", except that the covers were made of a pulpy stuff that came, if you read yourself to sleep over it often enough, to resemble old flannel.) I read DC, mostly, and I remember admiring the artwork in *Sgt. Rock*, where the dead Jerries Sarge tommygunned were delicately suggested by bouncing, bullet-holed coalscuttle helmets. I remember *The Flash* being reborn, drawn by someone named Carmine Infantino, and how great it was, when the Flash would kick into overdrive and speed through a city so slick that it must've made L.A. architects gnaw their knuckles with jealousy. EC Comics were something I'd only read about, long since run out of town on a rail. All that survived of the EC line was (the post-Kurtzman) *Mad*, though my older cousins, the Bogle brothers, had a stack of the real, the original *Mad*, and who knows what effect that stuff may ultimately have had on me?

I had a copy of the Classics Illustrated *War of the Worlds* that I kept for years, regarding it as superior to the original, even though their version of *The Time Machine* couldn't touch Welles, or even George Pal, because the guy just couldn't draw morlocks.

When I was thirteen years old, I wanted to be a comics artist. I also wanted to be a science fiction writer and win the Hugo, but drawing comics seemed the shorter route. I was wrong, and for several reasons, not the least of which was that I couldn't draw very well, at least not the way Carmine Infantino and those other guys could. I wanted my work to look like theirs, but somehow it never did, no matter how long I fumbled around with my drippy Speedball pens. Looking back on it, I think that one of my problems may have been that I didn't know that comics were drawn *larger* than they were when I bought them. As a result, I tried to

produce finished work on what was really an impossibly small scale. How the hell *did* they manage to get all that detail in there?

By age fifteen I'd forgotten my frustrated, ink-fingered ambition, and more or less ignored comics until the first wave of American undergrounders hit the beach. This meant that I missed the whole Marvel phenomenon, and in fact never developed a taste for that stuff at all. In spite of the kinetics and relative kinkiness, Marvel's pages looked muddy to me, somehow, and anyway, there were people around like Crumb, and Rick Griffin, and the sublimely scummy S. Clay Wilson, and if I bought comics at all, I bought those.

By the time I was finally getting around to thinking about having a shot at writing science fiction, I'd even lost track of the undergrounders. This was later, my late twenties, early thirties. I think I was vaguely aware of *Metal Hurlant* and those French guys, and then *Heavy Metal* began. When *Heavy Metal* turned up in the corner store, I'd glance through it, but I seldom bought it. I did think about *Heavy Metal*, though, because frequently the artwork I saw there, particularly the stuff by those French guys, looked far more like the contents of my own head, when I tried to write, than anything I was seeing on the covers of SF paperbacks or magazines.


So it's entirely fair to say, and I've said it before, that the way *Neuromancer*-the-novel "looks" was influenced in large part by some of the artwork I saw in *Heavy Metal*. I assume that this must also be true of John Carpenter's *Escape From New York*, Ridley Scott's *Bladerunner*, and all other original artifacts of the style sometimes dubbed *cyberpunk*. Those French guys, they got their end in early.

But back to what I was saying about translations of *Neuromancer*. You're about to read one. It's the first one I've ever been able to read myself, so I take great pleasure in being able to tell you that its translators, Tom De Haven and Bruce Jensen, have done a very sharp job indeed. Not only does their version look very much like what I saw in my head, in 1983, it also *moves* that way. It's probably impossible to convey exactly what I mean by this, but their graphic novel *walks* right. From my point of view, that's an amazing and really very gratifying thing. If any of my work ever finds its way to the screen, I'll be very lucky indeed if it's this close to the author's original intent.

Enjoy it.

Meanwhile, excuse me, I have to go back and show a copy of this to the thirteen-year-old who keeps spilling the ink and getting the ankles wrong . . .

William Gibson
Vancouver



HIS MIND
RAVAGED BY DRUGS,
CHASE MAKES HIS WAY
THROUGH THE
DESOLATE STREETS
OF THE 21ST CENTURY.

NEUROMANCER

NIGHT CITY, CHIBA,
A BORDERLAND OF
LOOSE DEALS,
BLACK MARKETS,
AND BETRAYAL.
AN ARBITRARY
FIELD OF DATA,
WHERE, IF YOU
STOP HUSTLING,
YOU SINK WITHOUT
A TRACE.

BUT NOBODY CAN HUSTLE
FOREVER.



WHO'D EVEN WANT TO? THE
BODY IS MEAT. A PRISON OF
FLESH. AN ARCADE OF
RUINED NERVES.



HEY! CASE, GOOD
BUDDY. I SEEN
YOUR GIRL LAST
NI--



"GIRL? DON'T
HAVE ONE."



NO GIRL, NO CONSOLE. NO
CYBERSPACE. JUST BIZ
AND RANDOM MEMORIES
THAT COME IN THE
NIGHT.



THE CHATSUBO—A BAR FOR PROFESSIONAL EXPATRIATES, YOU CAN DRINK HERE FOR A WEEK AND NEVER HEAR TWO WORDS IN JAPANESE.

AH, FRIEND CASE. HOW'S THE ARTISTE?

DOING JUST FINE, RATZ. SUPER FINE.

WAGE WAS IN BEFORE, WITH TWO JOYBOYS. LOOKING FOR YOU.

SAYS "WHERE'S THE COWBOY?" I SAY, "CASE? AIN'T SEEN HIM—YOU CHECK THE CLINIC TANKS? MAYBE SOMEBODY CUT HIM UP FOR SPARE PARTS."

FUNNY, MAN.

WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA BE SURE THE HELL AIN'T YOU.

CASE? FINALLY.

WE GOTTA TALK. I'VE BEEN TRYING TWO DAYS TO FIND YOU.

HEY, YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU SLEEPING OKAY? YOU LOOK TIRED.

NOT ME, SWEETHEART. NEVER TIRED. NOT IF I TAKE ENOUGH PILLS.

FIRST WAGE, NOW LINDA LEE. NOT GOOD. 'IN CHIBA,' COINCIDENCE KILLS.

GIVING HER A HUSTLER'S BOAST AND MEANWHILE CHECKING HER ARMS FOR SIGNS OF THE NEEDLE, REMEMBERING THE SOUND OF HER LAUGHTER.

AND WONDERING NOW, HEY, WHAT'S SHE WANT? WHAT'S THE DEAL?



IT'S WAGE. HE WANTS TO SEE YOU WITH A MOLE IN YOUR FACE. MONA TOLD ME. HER NEW SQUEEZE IS ONE OF WAGE'S BOYS.



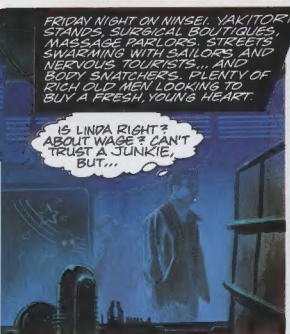
I DON'T OWE HIM ENOUGH. HE DOES ME. HE'S OUT THE MONEY ANYHOW.

CIGARETTE?



TOO MANY PEOPLE OWE HIM NOW. MAYBE YOU GET TO BE THE EXAMPLE. JUST WATCH YOUR BACK, MAN.

SURE.



FRIDAY NIGHT ON NINSEI. YAKITORI STANDS. SURGICAL BOUTIQUES. MASSAGE PARLORS. STREETS SWARMING WITH SAILORS AND NERVOUS TOURISTS... AND BODY SNATCHERS. PLENTY OF RICH OLD MEN LOOKING TO BUY A FRESH, YOUNG HEART.

IS LINDA RIGHT? ABOUT WAGE? CAN'T TRUST A JUNKIE, BUT...



WOULD HE DO ME? JUST 'CAUSE I MOVED SOME BIOLOGICALS AT A WIDER MARGIN THAN USUAL? THAT'S BIZ, THAT'S ALL. HE UNDERSTANDS. HE WOULDN'T...



YEAH. HE MIGHT. TIME TO TAKE SOME BASIC PRECAUTIONS.

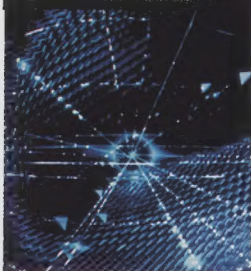
SENSING THAT THE HUSTLE MIGHT BE OVER AT LAST, CASE IS FILLED WITH A DESPERATE, CLENCHED EUPHORIA.



...SO DIFFERENT FROM THE BODILESS HIGH OF CYBERSPACE.

HE REMEMBERS THE GLOW OF A MONITOR. THE WARNING BEEPS. THE PRESSURE OF DERMATRODES.

THEN THE JOLT—WHEN HIS DISEM-
BODIED CONSCIOUSNESS WOULD
PLUNGE FROM HIS FLESH AND
INTO THE CONSENSUAL HALLU-
CINATION OF THE MATRIX.



THE MEAT STAYED HOME,
STRAPPED TO A CUSTOM
DECK...



...BUT HIS BEING MOVED LIKE A
GHOST THROUGH THE BRIGHT,
UNFOLDING LATTICES OF
LOGIC.



FINGERS TRIGGERED SECOND,
THIRD, FOURTH PROGRAMS...



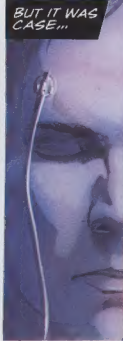
...WHILE HIS ESSENCE SKIRTED
CODE TRAPS, GLIDED THROUGH
PATTERNS, SLITHERED ACROSS
RICH FIELDS OF DATA.



HIS EMPLOYERS HAD PROVIDED
THE EXOTIC SOFTWARE TO
CRACK INDUSTRIAL BANKS AND
CORPORATE LIBRARIES...



BUT IT WAS
CASE...



...WHO PENE-
TRATED THE
SYSTEMS...



...AND SNATCHED
INFORMATION.



HE'D BEEN ONE OF THE BEST
COWBOYS IN THE SPRAWL,
WORKING FOR SOME OF
THE WEALTHIEST THIEVES...



...TILL HE MADE THE CLASSIC
MISTAKE-- HE STOLE SOMETHING.



CLASSIC MISTAKE.
PREDICTABLE
RESULT.



HE EXPECTED TO DIE, BUT THEY
ONLY STRAPPED HIM TO A BED.
THEN SMILED.

MR CASE 3
WE'VE DECIDED
THAT YOU'RE
WELCOME TO
THE MONEY



YOU'LL NEED IT. EVERY
DIME, BECAUSE YOU'RE
NEVER GOING TO WORK
AGAIN.



THE HYPODERMIC
WAS PRIMITIVE.

THE MYCOTOXIN
WAS RUSSIAN.



IT FLAMED
THROUGH HIS
NERVOUS
SYSTEM...



...AND BURNED
OUT HIS
TALENT...



...MICRON BY
MICRON.



HE
HALLUCINATED
FOR THIRTY
HOURS.



THE DAMAGE WAS MINUTE,
SUBTLE, UTTERLY
EFFECTIVE.



AND FOR CASE,
IT WAS THE FALL.

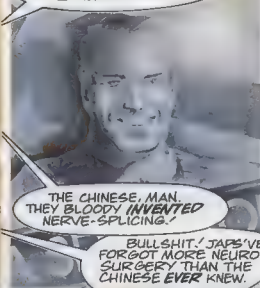
IN THE BARS FREQUENTED BY
CONSOLE HOTSHOTS, CASE
BECAME AN INTRUDER, A
PARIAH...



...CONTEMPIBLE
MEAT.

HE UNDERSTOOD
THEIR REPULSION.
AND SHARED IT.

SPENT LAST YEAR IN BEIJING,
GETTING REBUILT. COMPLETE
NERVE JOB, TOO. WHAT
I HEARD.



THE CHINESE, MAN.
THEY BLOODY INVENTED
NERVE-SPICING.

BULLSHIT! JAPS'VE
FORGOT MORE NEURO-
SURGERY THAN THE
CHINESE EVER KNEW.

AW, GOD, NOT THAT MR. WHO
AGAIN I VOTE FOR ME, WOTTA
GIGGLE. ALL HE IS, YOU KNOW
WHAT ALL HE IS? SPARE PARTS.



ABSOLUTELY.



IF THERE WAS ONE PLACE
WHERE CASE'S VANDALIZED
TALENT COULD BE REGENER-
ATED, IT WAS JAPAN.



THE TOKYO
NEXUS.

CHIBA.

LAST
HOPE.



TWO MONTHS
OF CONSULTA-
TIONS, EXAM-
INATIONS...



...PAIN...



...THE SURGEONS
TOOK HIS
MONEY...



...AND
EXPRESSED
THEIR
REGRET.



LAST HOPE...

...LAST
VEN...



...GONE.



STRANDED UNDER A POISONED
SILVER SKY, CASE QUICKLY
BECAME PART OF CHIBA'S
CRIMINAL ECOLOGY...



...NIGHT CITY WAS LIKE A
DERANGED EXPERIMENT
IN SOCIAL DARWINISM...



...WITH DEATH THE ACCEPTED
PUNISHMENT FOR
CARELESSNESS.



IN TIME, HE CARVED OUT A REPU-
TATION—ARTISTE OF THE FAST,
LOOSE DEAL A MIDDLEMAN, A
NECESSARY EVIL, USEFUL TO
SUPPLIERS DEALING IN
PROSCRIBED GENETIC
MATERIALS.



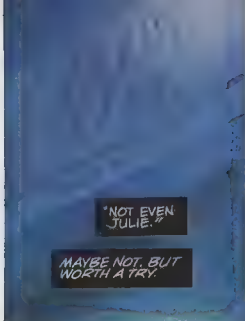
SUPPLIERS LIKE
WAGE.

JUST SO YOU'LL KNOW,
CASE, WE'RE PARTNERS.
BUT YOU SCREW WITH ME—
JUST ONCE—AND YOU'RE
COLD MEAT.



"AND THERE AIN'T
NOBODY CAN SAVE
YOUR ASS."





THE WHITE SHIPPING MODULES GIVE OFF A TANG OF PRESERVED GINGER, BUT NOBODY STAYS ALIVE 135 YEARS BY JUST SELLING SPICE.

YOU SEEM TO BE CLEAN, OLD SON. DO COME IN.



WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND, BOYO?

TRY A BONBON?



THE MAN IS SUPERNATURALLY STILL. WHY NOT-- HE HAS ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD, SO LONG AS THE SURGEONS CAN RESET HIS DNA.

JULIE, I HEAR WASE WANTS ME DEAD. HE SAY ANYTHING TO YOU?



WE HAVEN'T BEEN IN TOUCH, OF LATE. IF I *DID* KNOW, OF COURSE, I MIGHT NOT BE IN A POSITION TO TELL YOU

HE WANT TO KILL ME, JULIE?



NOT THAT I KNOW OF.

IF IT PROVES TO BE AN UNFOUNDED RUMOR, THOUGH, YOU COME BACK IN A WEEK AND I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SOMETHING OUT OF SINGAPORE.



NOW, WAS THAT ALL YOU CAME TO SAY?



"YEAH, JULIE, THAT'S ALL.
BE SEEING YOU."

MAYBE.

TWO MINUTES LATER, IT HITS—
A SUDDEN AWARENESS THAT
SOMEBODY'S ON HIS ASS...

WAIT. COULD BE
JUST PARANOIA.

BUT THAT REFLECTION
IN A DISPLAY WINDOW—
WHAT'S THAT?

RAZORGIRL.
EXPENSIVE.
PROFESSIONAL.

TIME TO GET
SERIOUS.

I WANNA
BUY A
WEAPON.

COBRA
IS VERY
GOOD

HE'S NOT SURE HE EVEN KNOWS
HOW TO USE THE SUCKER, BUT
IT MAKES HIM FEEL BETTER...

INSIDE—SEGMENTS OF TIGHTLY
WOUND COILSPRING. SLICE
AND DICE.

...AND STRANGELY ELATED
BECAUSE IN A WEIRD WAY
THIS SEEMS ALMOST LIKE
A RUN IN THE MATRIX.

NIGHT CITY IS SUDDENLY A
FIELD OF INFORMATION...

THOSE MIRROR GLASSES:
A FLASH OF DATA.



COULD DIE
HERE.

A PERSON
COULD DIE
HERE.

IT'S THAT
KIND OF
PLACE.

IN PANIC, HIS BRAVADO
COLLAPSES, AND HE'S
THROUGH THE GLASS
BEFORE HE'S CONSCIOUS
OF WHAT HE'S DONE.

SOBBY CHIP-
BOARD ALLEY
JUNK. SOFT
LANDING.
ABSURD LUCK.

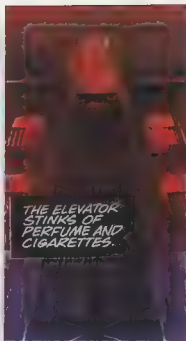
SHIT.

TWISTED ANKLE,
BRUISED RIBS,
BUT ALIVE.

WAGE. GOTTA
TALK TO WAGE.
SETTLE
THIS...



THE ALLEY SMELLS
OF WET GARBAGE,
SODDEN PAPER.



THE ELEVATOR
STINKS OF
PERFUME AND
CIGARETTES.



BUT IT'S
HOME.

HEY MOM,
WHAT'S FOR
SUPPER?



THE ENTIRE HOTEL SHIVERS IN A
STRONG WIND, BUT THE COFFINS
ARE CHEAP AND FAIRLY SECURE...



IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE. IT'S
NOT WAGE'S STYLE.
TO HIRE SOME
RAZOR GIRL...



...NOT WHEN HIS JOYBOYS'D
WASTE ME JUST FOR THE
GIGGLE.

THE MAN THINKS HE'S
ENTITLED TO SOME MONEY.
FINE. NO ARGUMENT. HE
CAN HAVE SOME.



BUT ALL I GOT
ARE THESE PITUITARIES
AND THREE MEGABYTES
OF HOT RAM IN THE
COMPUTER.



BIZ HAS BEEN
A LITTLE SLOW
LATELY.



SNAKE MAN. I
GOT THE MUSIC
YOU WANTED.

GLAD TO HEAR IT BUT
WE HAVE A CASH-FLOW
PROBLEM AT THE MOMENT.
CAN YOU FRONT?

I REALLY
NEED THE
MONEY. CAN'T
YOU—?



LITTLE
SHIT.

PARTY HAS
DISCONNECT



IFFY... IT ALL
LOOKS IFFY
TONIGHT.

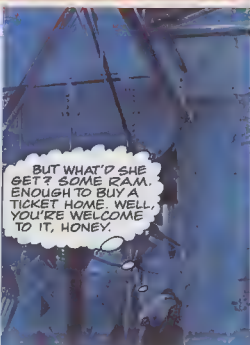


VERY...









LET ME GUESS.
PRETTY LADY CAME
TO VISIT, RIGHT? AND
GAVE YOU A NICE
TIP WHEN YOU LET
HER UP THE LADDER.

EXCUSE ME?
PARDON ME?
THANK YOU?

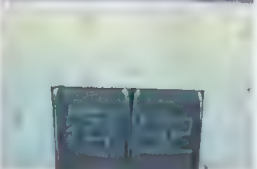
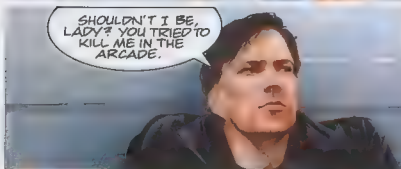
THANK, YOU,
ASSHOLE.

PRETTY LADY CAME
TO VISIT...

...AND MESSED UP
THE LOCK WHEN SHE
FIDDLER WITH
IT. AMATEUR.

CLOSE THE
DOOR BEHIND
YOU. REAL
SLOW.

注意



THE EMMA HILTON
TWENTY-FIFTH
FLOOR.

I'M IMPRESSED
WHO'S YOUR MR.
WHO?



HE CALLS HIMSELF
ARMITAGE. AND DON'T
TRY TO PUMP ME, ALL
RIGHT? YOU'LL MEET
HIM SOON
ENOUGH

JUST
CURIOUS.



THAT'S
UNDER-
STANDABLE,
MR. CASE.

BUT, PLEASE...
DON'T BECOME
OVERLY CURIOUS.

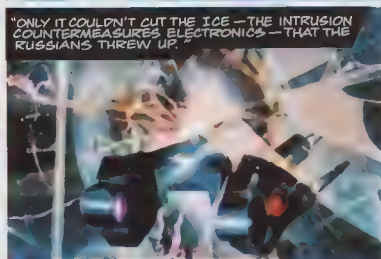
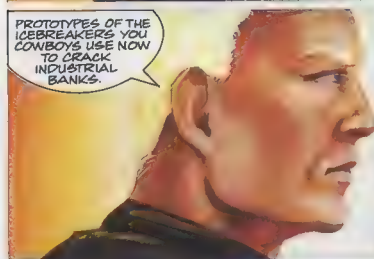
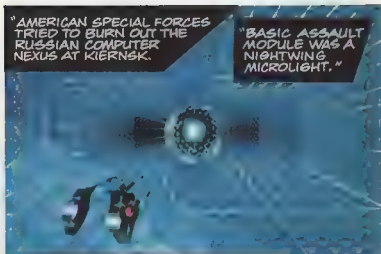


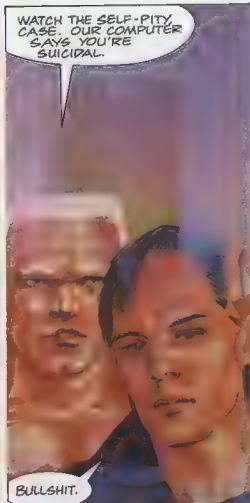
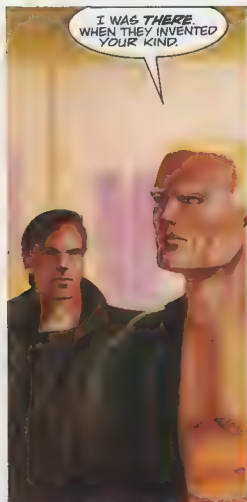
IT COULD
RUIN YOUR
LUCKY
DAY..



AND THIS IS YOUR
LUCKY DAY, MR.
CASE.

BUT BEFORE I
TELL YOU WHY, LET
ME ASK YOU ONE
QUESTION. EVER
HEAR OF
SCREAMING
FIST?







HOWDY?

I GOT THE PAIN, AND I GOT
THE STITCHES, BUT... I STILL
DON'T BELIEVE IT. I GOTTA
PUNCH A DECK

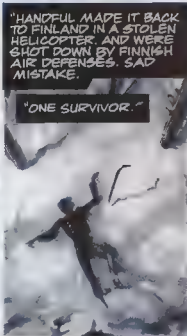
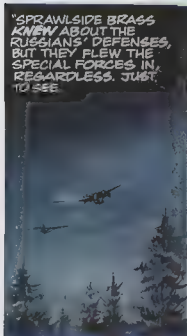
NOT YET,
DOCTOR'S
ORDERS.

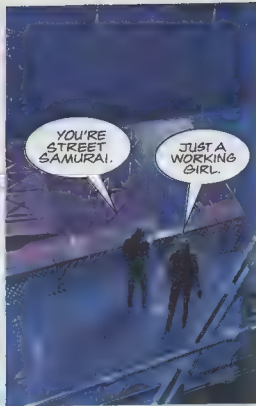
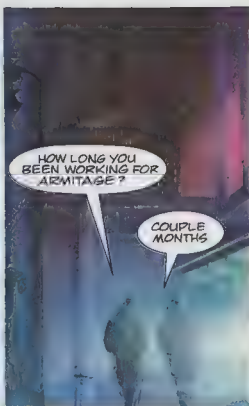
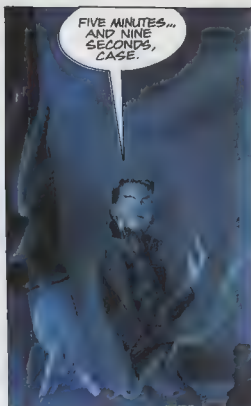
THEN I GOTTA MOVE. GOTTA
SEE THIS GUY. THERE'S BIZ
TO CANCEL OUT OF.

ARMITAGE
WON'T LIKE
IT

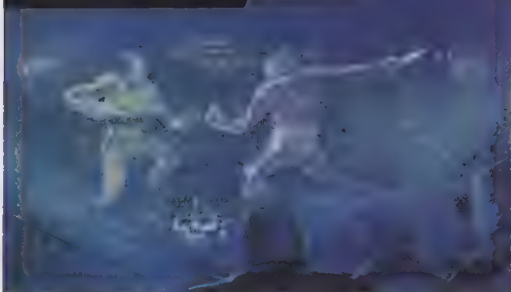
AND THIS GUY WON'T TALK
TO ME IF YOU'RE THERE. JUST
GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES
WITH HIM.

SO YOU CAN HAVE HIM
CHECK US OUT? ALL RIGHT,
CASE—FIVE MINUTES.





UNDER THE DOME, THE AIR IS DAMP AND CLOSE
WITH THE SMELL OF SWEAT AND CONCRETE
AND BLOOD. MOLLY LOVES IT...



I GOTTA GET UP AND
WALK AROUND MY BACK—
YOU KNOW?

JUST
DON'T GO
FAR.



PLACE GIVES
ME THE—
JESUS..

LINDA!



CASE, I BEEN HOPING
TO FIND YOU. I KNOW I
RIPPED YOU OFF, BUT
I WAS DESPERATE.
AND I NEED YOUR HELP.
YOU GOTTA—



SUGAR, SUGAR...
THERE YOU ARE,
SUGAR.



CASE...
PLEASE!



HEY!

SUGAR,
SUGAR,
SUGAR...



LINDA!



THE BOSTON-ATLANTA
METROPOLITAN AXIS —
BAMA. THE SPRAWL.

"GOOD TO BE
HOME, CASE?"

"THIS IS JUST A PLACE.
ARMITAGE. JUST
ANOTHER PLACE."

GLAD YOU THINK SO.
BECAUSE THERE'LL BE NO
TIME TO GET REACQUAINTED
WITH OLD FRIENDS...
OR OLD HABITS.

AND SPEAKING OF *THOSE*,
CASE...YOUR PANCREAS IS NOW
BIOCHEMICALLY INCAPABLE OF
GETTING OFF ON AMPHETAMINE
OR COCAINE. SO DON'T
EVEN TRY.

WHAT?

AND ONE OTHER THING. YOU
HAVE 15 MYCOTOXIN SACS
BONDED TO VARIOUS
ARTERIES. AND THEY'RE
DISSOLVING VERY
SLOWLY...

DO THIS JOB RIGHT AND
I CAN INJECT YOU WITH AN
ENZYME THAT'LL DISSOLVE
THE BONDS WITHOUT
OPENING THE SACS.
OTHERWISE, THEY
MELT...

AW — HERE'S
WHERE YOU
AND MOLLY
GET OFF.

47-1

A FACTORY BUILDING.
OLD ATLANTA CORE.

WHERE'D
ARMITAGE
GO?

HE LIKES
HOTELS. THIS IS
WHERE YOU AND ME
STAY, FOR THE
TIME BEING.

YOU THINK HE WAS TELLING
THE TRUTH—ABOUT THAT TOXIN
STUFF?

MAYBE,
MAYBE NOT, BUT
EITHER WAY, HE'S
GOT YOU, SO JUST
FORGET IT.

SOUVENIR?

LUCKY
STAR.

ONO-SENDAI CYBERSPACE
DECK. HOSAKA COMPUTER.
SOME VERY SERIOUS
TOYS, HERE.

FOR SOME VERY SERIOUS
RUNS, YOU KNOW MCCOY
PAULEY—THE DIXIE
FLATLINE?

KNOW HIM?
HE TAUGHT ME
THE ROPES, BUT
HE'S DEAD.

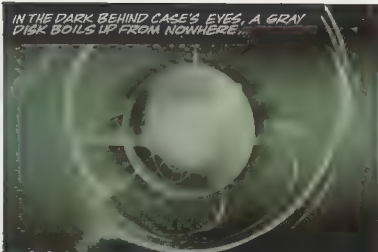
NO PROBLEM. YOU'RE
GONNA BE WORKING
WITH HIS CONSTRUCT.

SOMEBODY'S
GOT A RECORDING
OF MCCOY PAULEY?

WHO?

LATER, CASE, FOR NOW—
GO PLAY IN YOUR
ARCADE.

IN THE DARK BEHIND CASE'S EYES, A GRAY
DISK BOILS UP FROM NOWHERE.



THE DISK ROTATES... BECOMES A SPHERE
OF PALER GRAY, THEN...



CLUSTERS AND CONSTELLATIONS OF DATA FROM EVERY
COMPUTER IN THE HUMAN SYSTEM, INSURANCE CARTELS,
DRUG CONSORTIUMS... THE GOVERNMENT OF BRAZIL.
THE PYRAMIDS OF I.B.M. IN THE DISTANCE, THE
SPIRALING ARMS OF INTELLIGENCE NETWORKS.

THE MATRIX, UNFOLDING...

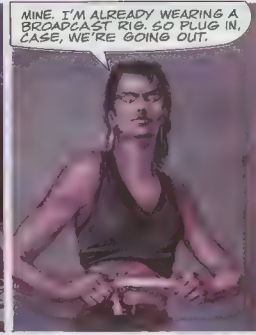


YOU'VE BEEN
GONE 5 HOURS,
COWBOY. NEED
TO REST?

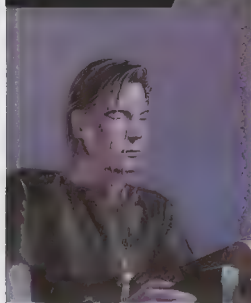
NO...
I'M
FINE.

GOOD
'CAUSE
COMPANY'S
COMING.





THE SUDDEN, SICKENING JOLT
INTO OTHER FLESH—



—MOLLY'S. FOR SEVERAL SECONDS CASE
FIGHTS TO CONTROL HER BODY... THEN
WILLS HIMSELF INTO PASSIVITY...

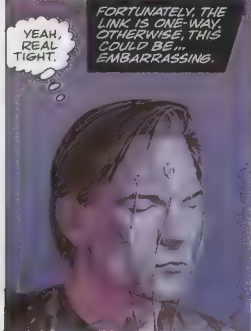
I WEAR MY
JEANS TIGHT,
DON'T I, CASE?

11:58:57



YEAH,
REAL
TIGHT.

FORTUNATELY, THE
LINK IS ONE-WAY.
OTHERWISE, THIS
COULD BE...
EMBARRASSING.



RECOGNIZE
THE
NEIGHBORHOOD,
CASE?

12:00:13



MEMORY
LANE.



BIT CHANGED SINCE
YOU LAST SEEN IT.
YEAH? WE'RE
TAKING A LEFT
HERE—HOLD
ON.



A SOFTWARE RENTAL BOOTH WITH A TEENAGED CLIENTELE, THEIR SKULLS BRISTLING WITH CARBON SOCKETS.

"I'M LOOKING FOR LARRY—LARRY AROUND?"

"LARRY—HOW YOU IN, MAN? I HAVE SOME WORK FOR THE PANTHER MODERNS."



MOLLY'S GOT A RIDER, THIS SAYS. AND LARRY DON'T LIKE THAT.

"IT'S JUST MY PARTNER."



TELL YOUR PARTNER TO GO.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.

CASE...

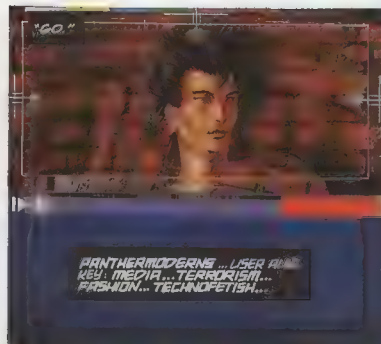


"YOU TAKE OFF."

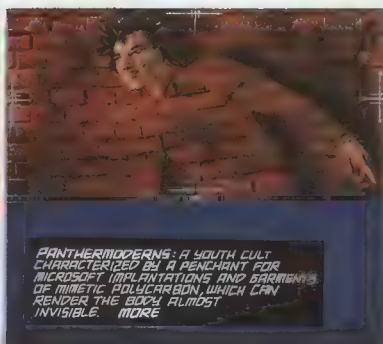


COMPUTER...I NEED A 5-MINUTE PRECIS: PANTHER MODERNS.





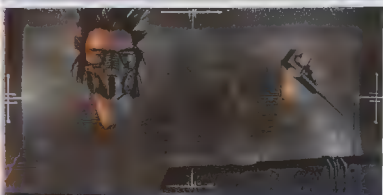
PANTHERMODERNS...USER AL
KEY: MEDIA...TERRORISM...
FASHION...TECHNOFETISH...



PANTHERMODERNS: A YOUTH CULT
CHARACTERIZED BY A PENCHANT FOR
MICROSOFT IMPLANTATIONS AND GARMENTS
OF MIMETIC POLYCARBON, WHICH CAN
RENDER THE BODY ALMOST
INVISIBLE. MORE



PANTHERMODERNS: THOUGH OFTEN
ASSOCIATED WITH GEAR-ORIENTED
TERRORISM (KEY ALSO BIG VIOLENCE)
THIS SUBCULTURE IS MORE PROPERLY
LINKED TO MEDIA MANIPULATION AND
COMMERCIAL Nihilism. (KEY ALSO
CONTEMPORARY HUMOR...URBAN
MERCENAIRES) MORE



PANTHERMODERNS: IT IS DIFFICULT TO
ESTIMATE THEIR INFLUENCE UPON THE
FLUID CULTURE OF THE NORTHAMERICAN
SPRAWL, BUT THEY ARE CONSIDERED
IMPORTANT FOR THEIR AWARENESS
OF THE EXTENT THAT MEDIA DIVORCES
TERRORIST ACTS FROM THE
ORIGINAL SOCIOLOGICAL

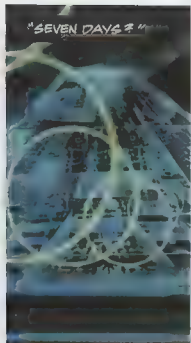
SKIP
IT.

I SEE YOU'VE BEEN...
PLAYING. READY
TO WORK?

ANYTIME. BE NICE,
THOUGH, IF I KNEW
WHAT I'M
SUPPOSED
TO DO.

FIRST, YOU'RE
GOING TO RAISE
THE DEAD.
HIS CONSTRUCT...
WHICH WE INTEND TO
LIBERATE FROM THE
SENSE/NET BROAD-
CASTING CORPORA-
TION. I'LL GIVE YOU SEVEN
DAYS TO CRACK
THEIR ICE.

MCCOY
PAULEY?



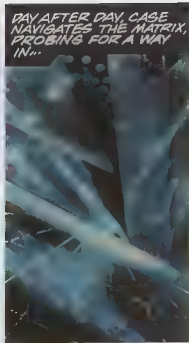
"SEVEN DAYS?"



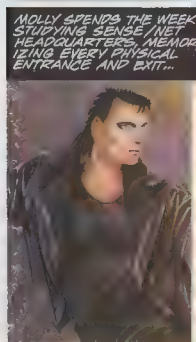
I'LL DO
IT IN
SIX.



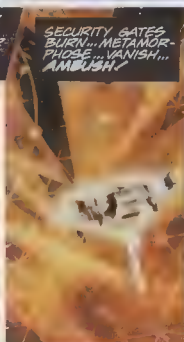
SPECIAL DELIVERY
BASE... FROM THE
FINN'S HARDWARE
STORE.



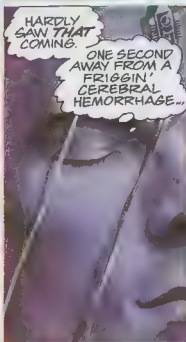
DAY AFTER DAY, CASE
NAVIGATES THE MATRIX,
PROBING FOR A WAY
IN...



MOLLY SPENDS THE WEEK
STUDYING SENSE /NET
HEADQUARTERS, MEMOR-
IZING EVERY PHYSICAL
ENTRANCE AND EXIT...



SECURITY GATES
BURN... METAMOR-
PHOSE... VANISH...
AMBUSH!



HARDLY
SAW THAT
COMING.

ONE SECOND
AWAY FROM A
FRIGGIN'
CEREBRAL
HEMORRHAGE...



BUT I'M CUTTING IT
DOING IT. THIS IS
WHAT I AM...



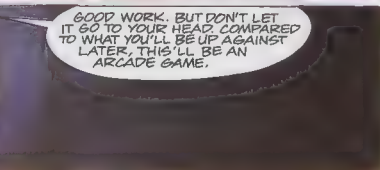
...A
WORLD-CLASS
COWBOY.

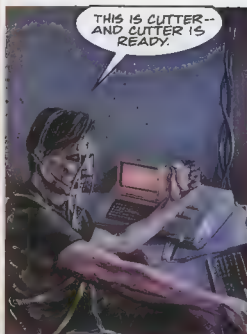


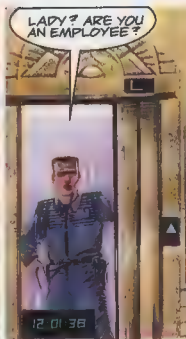
I'M
READY.

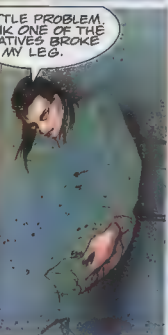
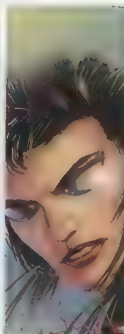
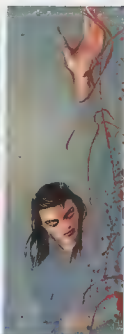


GOOD WORK. BUT DON'T LET
IT GO TO YOUR HEAD. COMPARED
TO WHAT YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST
LATER, THIS'LL BE AN
ARCADE GAME.



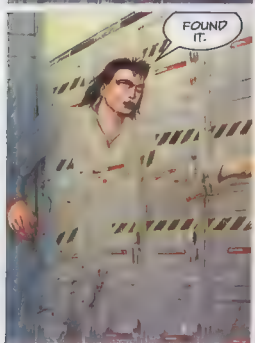
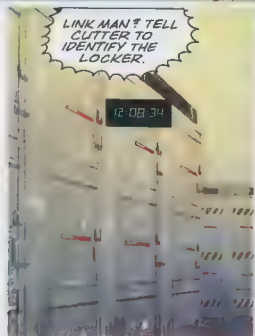


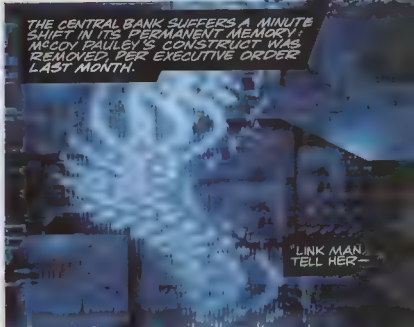
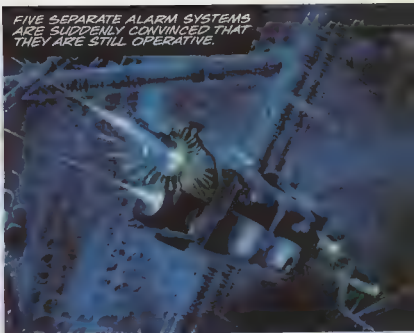




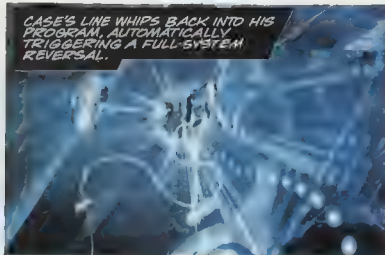
"SAAA RAPIDS ARE COOPERATING WITH UNUSUAL EFFICIENCY—SHOOTING EVERYBODY IN SIGHT. BUT I FIGURE WE ONLY GOT FIVE MINUTES TILL THEY TUMBLE TO THE JOKE. SO GET IN AND GET OUT, CAT MOTHER."







CASE'S LINE WHIPS BACK INTO HIS PROGRAM, AUTOMATICALLY TRIGGERING A FULL-SYSTEM REVERSAL.



THE SENSE/NET GATES SNAP PAST HIM AS HE BACKS AWAY...



"LINK MAN, I'M --"

OUT. CUTTER IS OUT.



SO IS CAT MOTHER.



12:14:01



C'MON, MOTHER, WE'RE FOR LEAVING. JUST LEAN ON ME - I'LL WALK YOU.



IMPRESSED? YOU AND ME BOTH. MOLLY. YOU AND ME BOTH.



SIX HOURS LATER.

HOW'S
YOUR
LES?

TECH
SAYS IF I
KICK ANY-
THING, IT'LL
FALL OFF.

YOU
SEEN
ARMITAGE
?

YEAH, AND YOU
SHOULD'VE HEARD
HIM SQUAWK. SAID
THE PANTHER MODERNS
LET THINGS GET OUT
OF CONTROL AT
SENSE/NET.

SCREW HIM— HE SHOULD
BE HAPPY. WE GOT WHAT
HE WANTED.

MESSAGE FOR YOU,
MOLLY. FROM LARRY.
HE SAYS TO TELL
YOU—

WINTERMUTE.

WHAT'S THAT
SUPPOSED TO
MEAN?

I PAID LARRY
TO HAVE THE
MODERNS DO
A LITTLE NOSE-
AROUND DEAL WAS,
THEY'D GET PAID IF
THEY ANSWERED ONE
QUESTION: WHO'S
RUNNING
ARMITAGE?

AND IT'S—
WINTERMUTE?
WHO'S THAT?

NOT WHO. WHAT? WINTERMUTE IS THE RECOGNITION CODE FOR AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE CORPORATION CALLED TESSIER. ASHPOL OWNS THE MAIN-FRAME AND SOFTWARE.

SO, IF LARRY'S RIGHT, THIS WINTERMUTE IS BACK-ING ARMITAGE? CAN'T BE. AI'S AREN'T ALLOWED AUTONOMY, SO IT'S GOT TO BE THIS CORPORATION, THIS TESSIER. ASH—

YEAH? DOES IT?



CHRIST—NINSEI WAS A LOT SIMPLER.



YOU GOT THE WRONG NUMBER. THIS IS A PUBLIC—

HELLO, CASE. THIS IS WINTER-MUTE.



IT'S TIME WE TALK.



DON'T YOU WANT TO TALK, CASE? KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?



► **NEUROMANCER:**
Winner of the Hugo
and Nebula Awards

► "NEUROMANCER—
a tense, harrowing
tale of high-tech outlawry
set in a not-too-distant,
not-so-improbable future."
—*Rolling Stone*

- Cyberspace was the last frontier. The bright, intermeshing lattices of data in the world's massive computer networks were waiting to be plundered.
- Case was twenty-four. At twenty-two, he'd been an interface cowboy, one of the best computer jocks in the urban Sprawl that stretched down North America's east coast. A thief, he'd worked for thieves, jacked into a computer deck that projected his disembodied consciousness into the matrix of the world's computer networks. He stole secrets from corporate computers, selling them to the highest bidder.
- Then, as most thieves do, he made a classic mistake. He stole from his employers. He'd expected to die, but they only smiled. They burnt out his nervous system instead, so he'd never experience the matrix again. Until Molly offered him his last chance. Black market doctors would fix him up, if in return he'd make what might be his last desperate run.

► ► ► ► ► ► ► ► ► ►
NEUROMANCER

The Graphic Novel

by Tom De Haven and Bruce Jensen

With an introduction by William Gibson



► ISBN 0-87135-574-4

► A
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Book

"The 21st-century world of
NEUROMANCER is freshly
imagined, compellingly
detailed, and chilling in
its implications."

—*The New York Times*

"Kaleidoscopic, picaresque,
flashy. . . . An amazing
virtuoso performance!"

—*Washington Post*

"NEUROMANCER blends
high-tech hip with a
film-noir sensibility."

—*Wall Street Journal*